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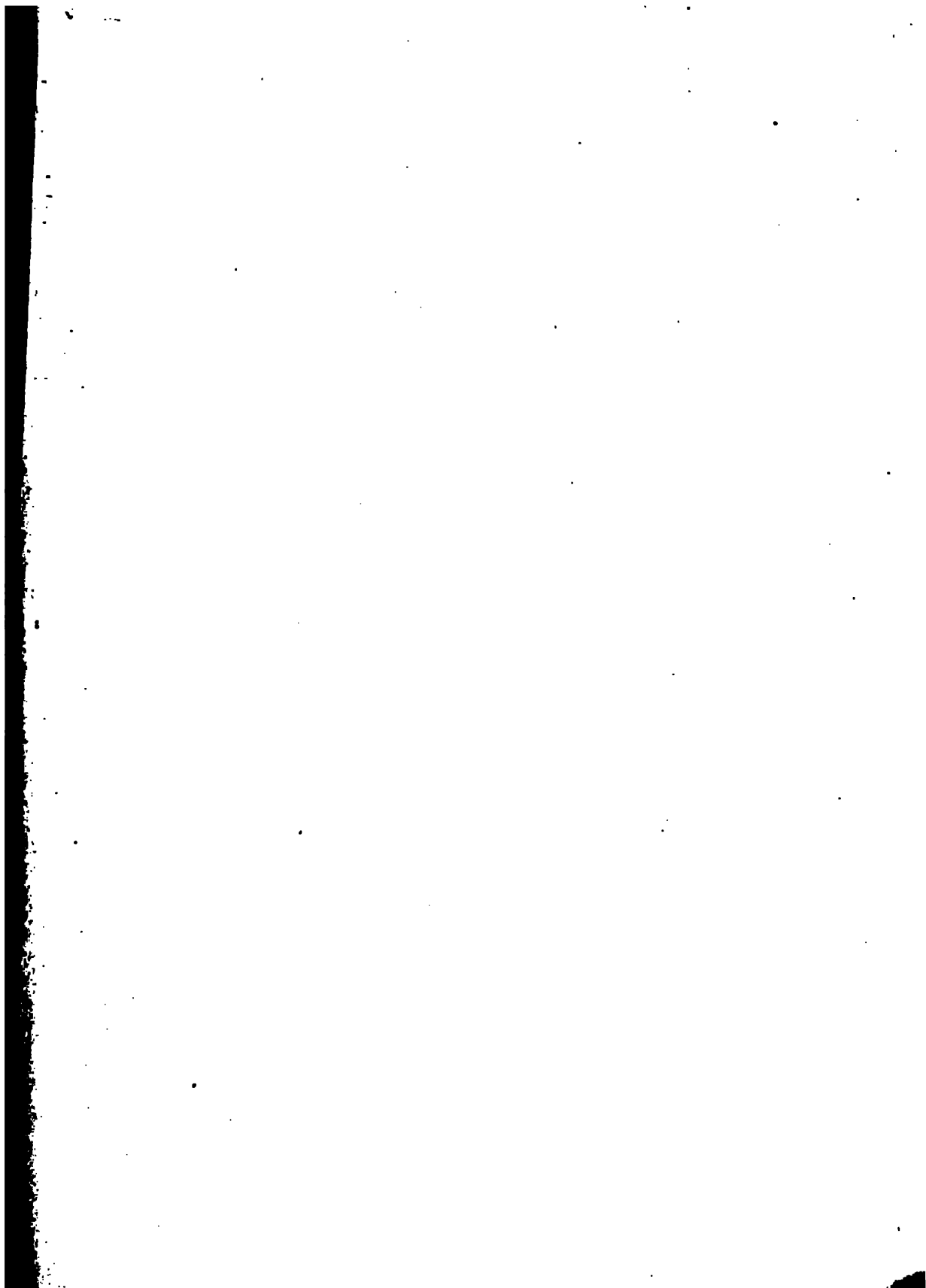
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WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

BY THOMAS GRAY

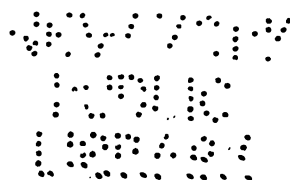


London:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON

CROWN BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET

1869





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71.

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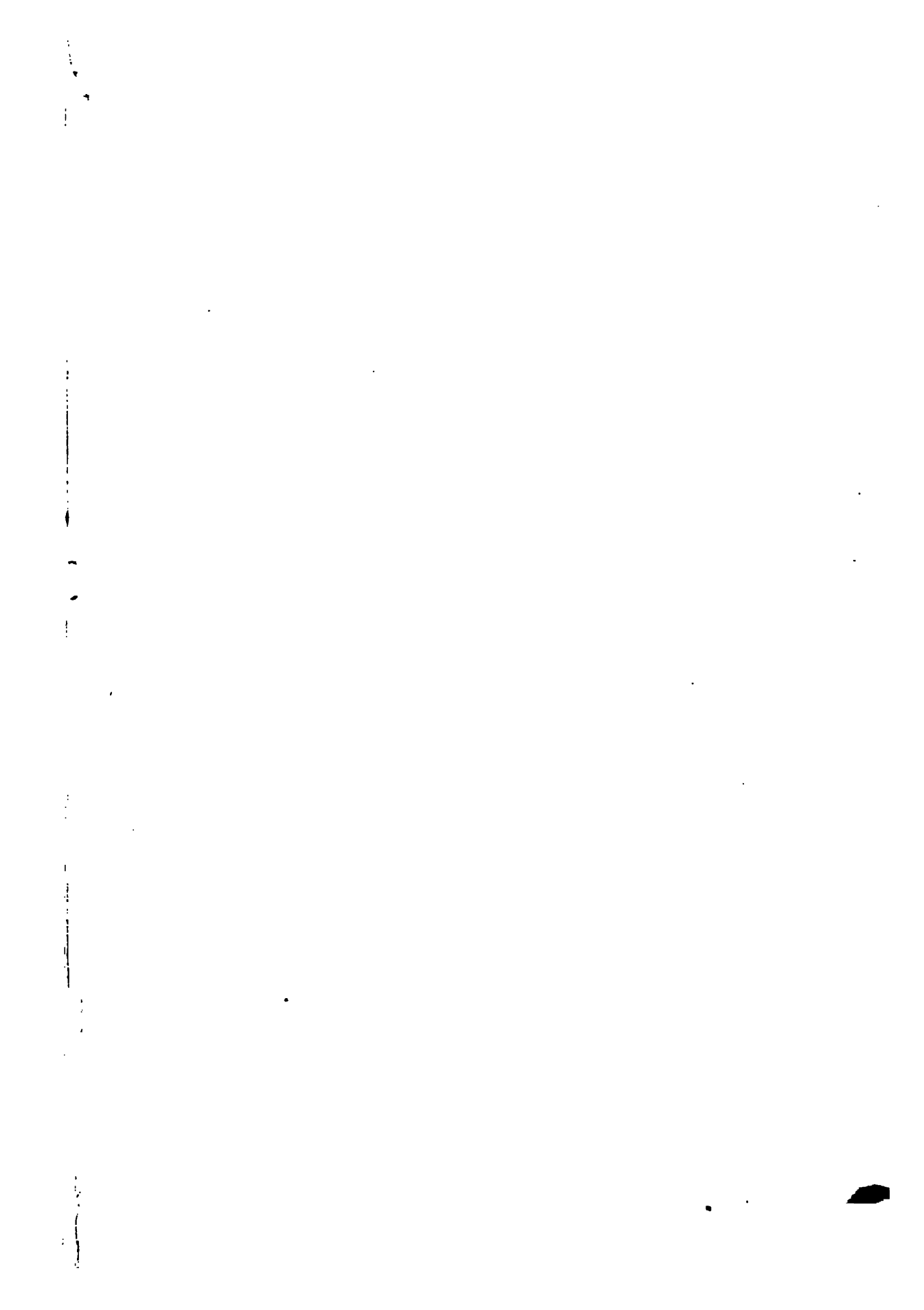
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

List of Illustrations

From Drawings by R. BARNES, R. P. LEITCH, E. M. WIMPERIS, and others.

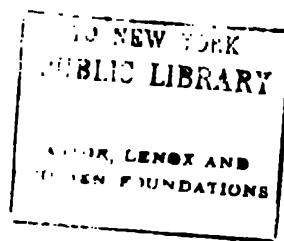
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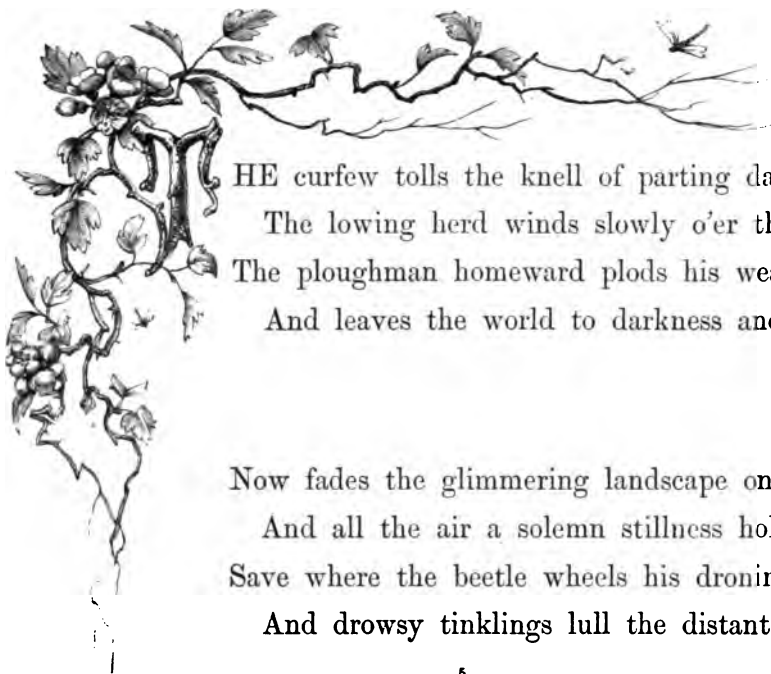
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The howling herd winds slowly o'er the lea.



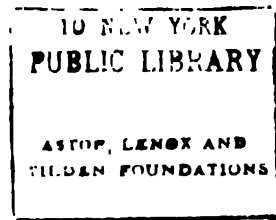




THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :



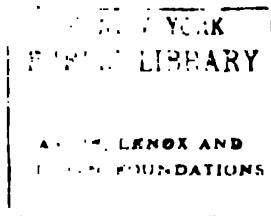


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The cock's shrill clarion.



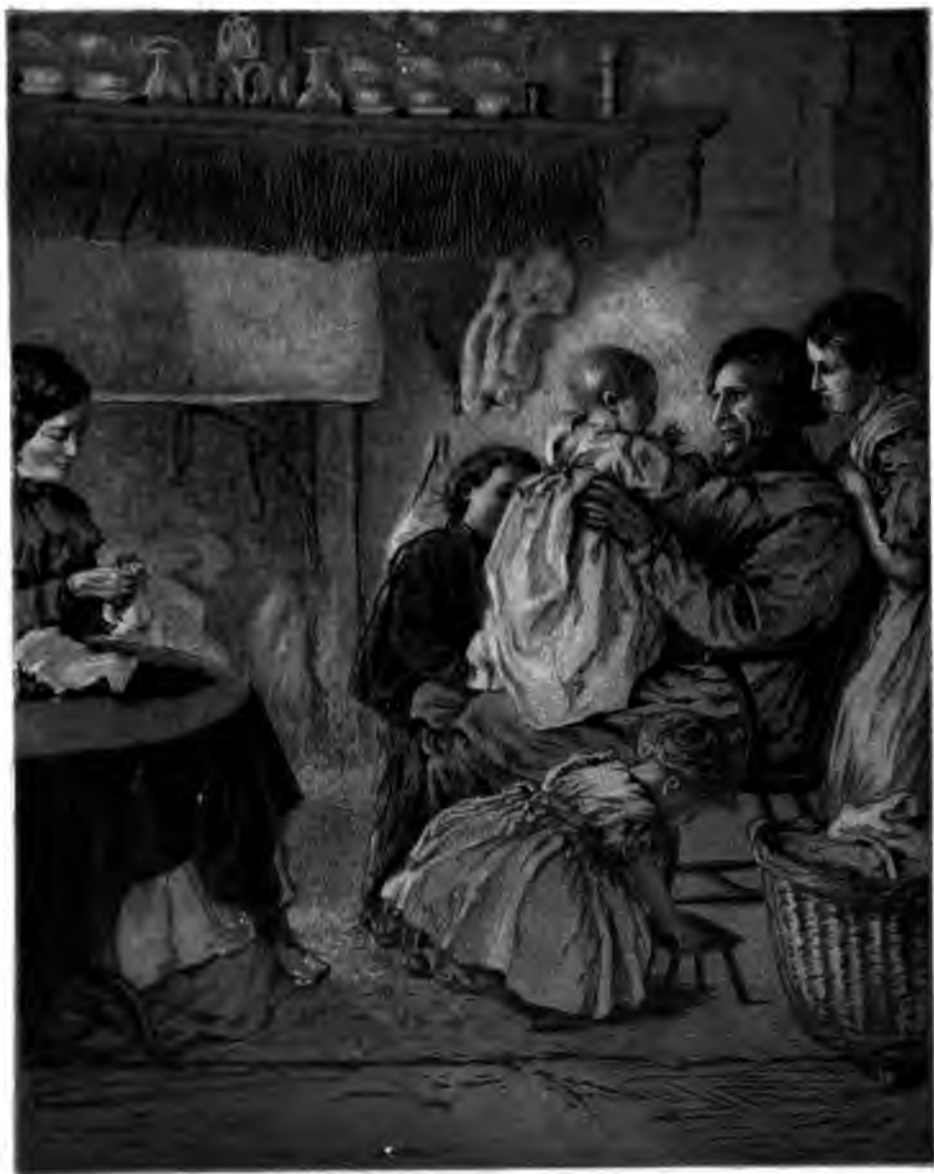


Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breczy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

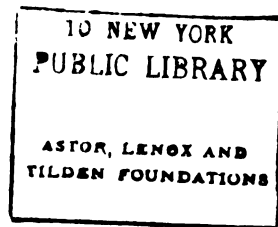
Climb his knees the envied kiss to share.



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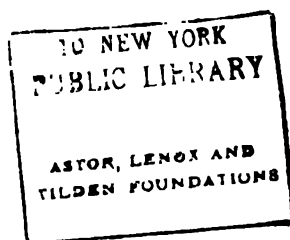
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield.





Homely joys.





For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

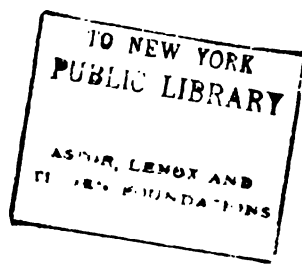


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The long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault.





The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

by the gland spot is laid.



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Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.



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Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast.



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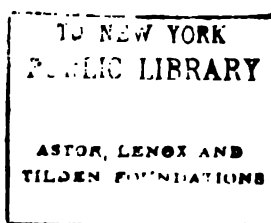
Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

Along the cool sequestered vale of life.





The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies.



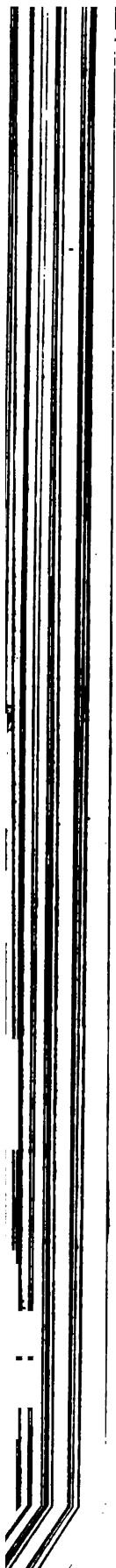
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Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

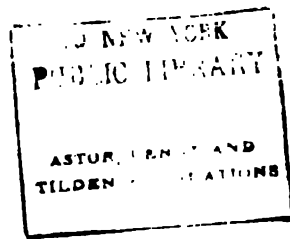
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.



There at the foot of yonder nodding beech.

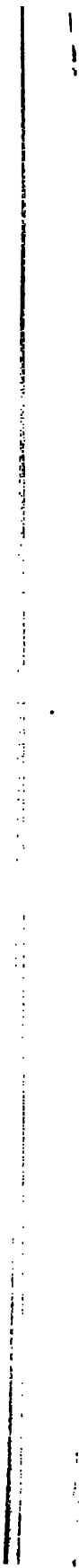




For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

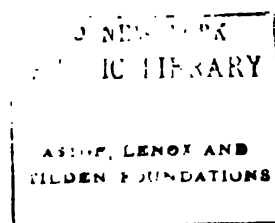
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.



Slow through the church-way path we saw it borne.





“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth

A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,

And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,

He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

The manuscript from which the present Facsimile has been taken, is the only existing draught of the Poem, the Autograph at Pembroke House, Cambridge, being manifestly a fair copy made by the Poet, probably for circulation among his friends. This draught formed a portion of the papers bequeathed by Gray to his friend and biographer, Mason.

Stanza's wrote in a Country Church-Yard.

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lee,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And now the air a solemn Stillness holds;
Save, where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Finklings lull the distant Folds.

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower
The mopeing Owl does to the Moon, complain
Of such, as ^{stray too} ~~wandering~~ near her secret Bower
Molest ^{the very} ~~her~~ ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell, for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the ~~unhappy~~ ^{unhappy} ~~dead~~ ^{dead} sleep.

For ever sleep the breezy Call of Morn,
Or Swallow twittering from the strawbuilt Shed,
Or "Chaunticleer" as shrill or echoing Morn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Housewife ply her evening Care;

No Child run to lap their Father's Return,
Nor climb his Knees the ^{invited} ~~coming~~ Kins to share. ~~Doubtful~~

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield;
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glabe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their Team a-field;
How bound did they drive their sturdy Stroke!

How bound the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil, humble

Their rustic Ways, & Destiny obscure;

For Grandeur near with a disdainful Smile

The short & simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Herdory the Pomp of Power,
and all, that Beauty, all that Wealth, all gave
awaits alike the inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Forgive, ye Friends, the involuntary Fault,
If Memory in these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Hall, a frotted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Chorus of Praise.

Can storied Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice awake the silent Dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death? ^{pervoke}

1. Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart, once pregnant with celestial Fire,
Hands, that the Ruins of Empire might have awag'd,
Or wak'd to Ecstasy the living Lyre:

7. Some Village Swain, with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Gully here may rest;
Some Caesar, quittance of his Country's Blood.

2. But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury had damp'd ^{suppressed} their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

3. Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear!
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.

If Applause of listening Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain & Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land
And read their History in a Nation's Eyes,

Let
Their Fate forbade: nor ununscribed alone
Their ^{growing} struggling Virtues but their Crimes confined;
Forbid to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind

The strugglings Passes of conscious Truth & hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
And ^{at} the Shrine of Luxury & Pride
With incense hallow'd in the Muse's Name.
kindled at

The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow
insult the brave, & idolize success
But more to Innocence, their safety owe,
Than Power & Genius e'er conspired to bless
And thou, who mindful of the unnumber'd Dead
Lost in these states thy artful tale relate
By Night & lonely Contemplation led
So linger in the gloomy walks of fate.
Hark how the sacred Calm that creeps around
Bids every fierce tumultuous Passion cease
In still small accents, whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal Peace
No more with Reason & thyself at strife
Give anxious Cares & endless Wishes room
But thro' the cool sequester'd Vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of the doom.

Far from the madding Crowds ignoble strife;
Their sober Wishes never know to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of life
They kept the silent tenour of their way.

Yet even these Bones from insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected high
With uncouth Rhime, & shapeless Sculpture deckt
Implores the passing Tribute of a sigh.
Their Name, their Years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse
The Place of Name, & Epitaph supply,
And many a holy Text around the stones
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.
For who is dumb Forgetfulness, a Pray,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm Precincts of the cheerful Day;
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

The same is true of saving out relief,
 and some of the things that are done
 in the same way. The things that are done
 in the same way are the things that are done
 in the same way. The things that are done
 in the same way are the things that are done

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies. The document highlights the need for consistent data collection practices to ensure the reliability of the information.

3. The third part focuses on the analysis of the collected data. It describes how the data is processed, interpreted, and used to draw meaningful conclusions. The document stresses the importance of using appropriate statistical methods and software tools for this purpose.

4. The fourth part discusses the challenges and limitations associated with data collection and analysis. It identifies common pitfalls and provides strategies to overcome them, ensuring that the data remains accurate and useful throughout the process.

5. The final part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of maintaining high standards of data integrity and suggests ways to improve the overall data management process.

1. 1. The first part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
 2. 2. The second part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
 3. 3. The third part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
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 7. 7. The seventh part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
 8. 8. The eighth part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
 9. 9. The ninth part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.
 10. 10. The tenth part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.

No further work has been done.

Now wish to draw them from their mad abode
(the machine have in venting hope repose)
the Room of his father & his God.

Nov. 25th 1848. And again the day of such
a youth to return, it is some unknown
and melancholy night, I send him his humble wish.
Lays was the Bounty, & his heart sincere;
Haven is a dream, & his heart sincere;
The year is 1848, all he had to give and
the gain is from Heaven, was all he wish'd, a







Stanza's wrote in a Country Church-Yard.

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the sea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
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Save, where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds.

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The mopeing Owl does to the Moon, complain
Of such, as ^{stray too} wandering near her secret Bower
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

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Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Lash in his narrow Cell, for ever laid
The rude Forefathers of the ~~in~~ ^{placid} sleep.

For ever sleep the breezy Cell of Chorn,
Or Swallow twittering from the strawbuilt shed,
Or Chaunticleer, so shrill or echoing, Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Huswife ply her evening Care;
No Children run to ^{enjoy} their Fire's Return,
Nor climb his Knees the coming Kins to share. Doubtless

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickles yield;
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glabe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their Team a-field!
How bound the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Not ambition mock their useful Toil, nor
Their quiet Lives & Destiny obscure:
Nor Grandeur near with a disdainful Smile
The short & simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Marbry the Pomp of Power,
And all, that Beauty, all, that Wealth, her gave
awaits alike the inevitable Hour,
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Forgive us Friend, the involuntary Fault,
If Memory in these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn M., & fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Chorus of Praise.

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Some mute inglorious Gully here may rest;
Some Caesar, guiltless of his Country's Blood.

2. But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
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Chill Parity had damp'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

3. Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear!
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.

Th' Applause of listening Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain & Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land
And read their History in a Nation's Eyes.

Let
Their Fate forbade: nor uninscribed alone
Their ^{growing} struggling Virtues but their Crimes confined;
Forbid to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind

The struggling Passions of conscious Truth & hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
and ^{erect} at the Shrine of Luxury & Pride
~~burn~~ incense hallow'd in the Muse's Flame.
kindled at

The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow
insult the brave, & idolize success
But more to Innocence, their safety owe,
Than Power & Virtue e'er conspired to bless
and thou, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these climes thy artful tale relate
By Night & lonely Contemplation led
so linger in the gloomy walks of fate.

Hark how the sacred Calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous Passion cease
In still small accents, whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal Peace

No more with Reason & thyself at strife
Give anxious Cares & endless Wishes room
But thro' the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
Pursue the silent Tenour of the Doom.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble strife;
Their sober Wishes never knew to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the silent Tenour of their Way.

Yet even these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected high
with uncouth Rhime, & shapeless Sculpture deckt
Employs the passing Tribute of a Rhime.

Their Name their Years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse
The Place of Fame, & Epitaph supply,
And many a holy Text around, the strews
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who is dumb Forgetfulness, a Prey
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm Precincts of the cheerful Day;
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires:
Even from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
And buried Ashes glow with social Fires
For Thee, who mindful art: as above.

If chance that e'er some pensive Spirit more,
By sympathetic Musings here delay,
With vain, tho' kind, Enquiry shall explore
Thy once-loved Haunt, this long-deserted Shade.
Haply some hoary-headed Swain shall say,
Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
With hasty Footsteps brush the Dews away
On the high Brow of yonder hanging Lawn
Him have we seen the Green-wood Side along,
While e'er the Heath we hid, our Labours done,
Oft as the Woodlark piped her farewell Song
With whistful Eyes pursue the setting Sun
Oft at the Foot of yonder heavy Bush
That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high.

His listless Length at Noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the Brier, that babbles by.

With Features quaint now smiling as in Scorn,
Muttering his fond Conceits he would he rove:
Now woeful woe, he droop'd, as one forlorn,
Or crazed with Care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

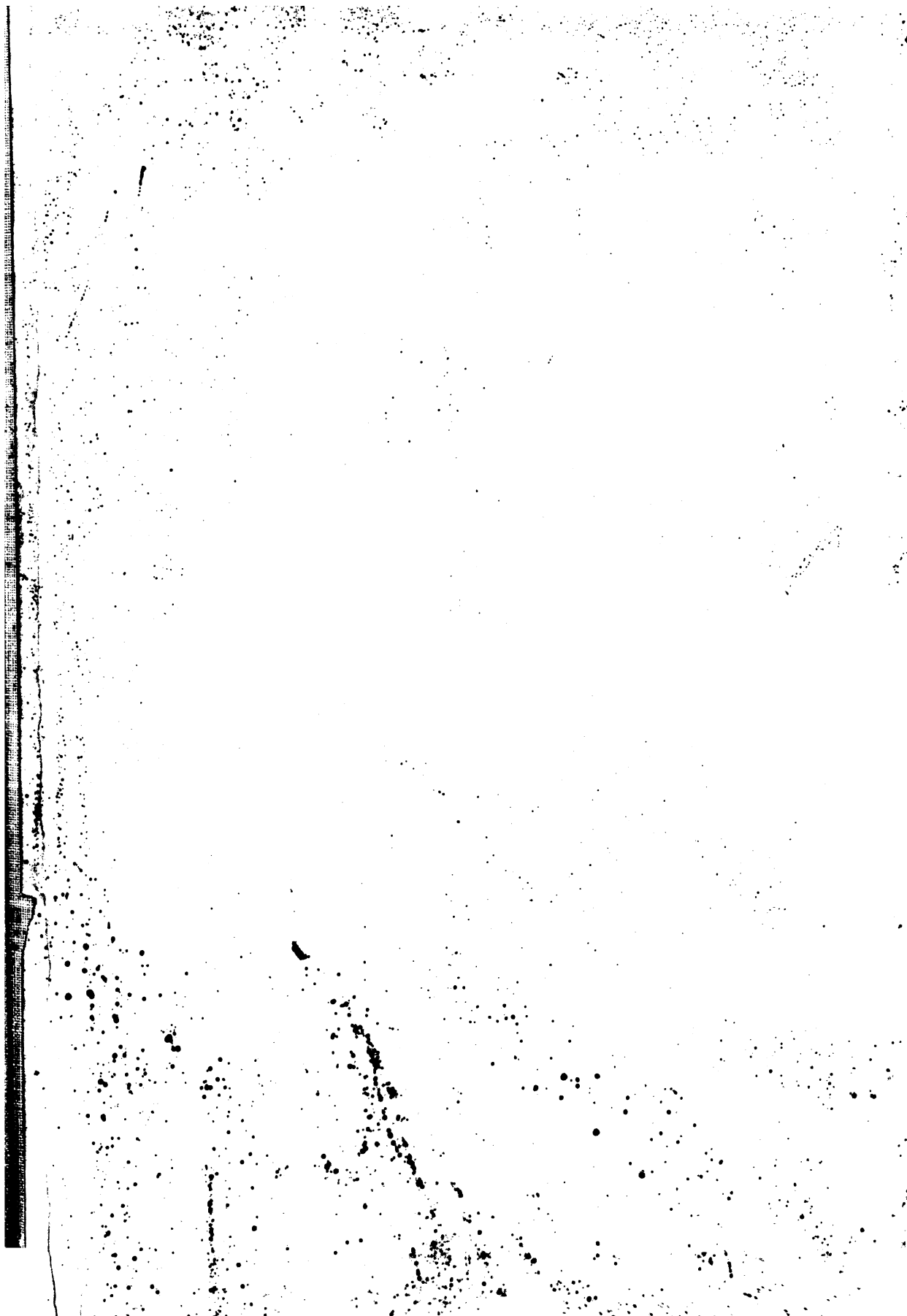
One Morn we miss'd him on the accustomed Hill,
By the Heath-side, & near his favourite Tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he.
~~There scatter'd oft the earliest~~

The next with Dingles meet, in sad Array
Flow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him born
Approach to read, for those can't read the Lay
Wrote on the Stone beneath that ancient Thorn
There scatter'd oft the earliest of y^r ~~clandestine~~ ^{secret}
By Hands, unseen are frequent of Vilelets found
The Robin loves to build & warble there
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground.

No further seek his Merits to disclose.

Not that to draw them from their mad state
(The Smiles there in trembling Hope appear)
The Broom of his Father & his God.

More eyes his Head upon the top of Birch
As though to gazing it to some unknown
Sweet Sinner's form, yet on his humble Birch
That Melancholy mark'd him for her own
Large was his Bounty to his heart sincere;
Hence was a Recompence so largely sent,
The gain is of it all he had, & yet
The gain is from Heaven, was all he wish'd, a Friend



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